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whatever loam remained. In the fourth and third centuries (274)

when the neighboring mountain pastures of the Volscian and the Sabine hills fell within the political sphere of Rome, a profitable combination of summer and winter pastures became possible².

The carrying on of sheep and cattle raising in this dual fashion called for capital. Ranching (as it may be called) on a large scale, with the help of a relatively small number of slaves, became common; the farmer with a small plot was hopelessly outclassed, and "the depopulation of the Campagna proceeded apace" (275).

Another industry presently hurried the process of crowding agriculture out of the Alban region. Here the abrasion of the soil had been most rapid because the slopes were steeper, but it was discovered that while the weak roots of annual plants like wheat and barley could no longer cope with the soil, grape vines and olive trees could readily nourish themselves even in the tufa and ash that remained. All that is necessary is to hack out and crush the tufa, plant the roots deep with a handful of loam for the plant to feed upon when young. When the plant grows strong it finds its own nourishment where grain fails in the struggle. From that time to this the vineyards and olive groves have never disappeared from the hills and valleys about the Alban lake. Obviously this industry also was developed by the men of wealth who could afford to wait five years for the first vintage and twenty years for the first returns of their investment in the olive groves.

It is customary to say that when Rome gained possession of Sicily in the first Punic War and thus inherited from Carthage the grain tithes of that island she destroyed agriculture in Latium by flooding the market of the Latin farmer with cheap grain. But is it probable that the Roman landlords, who after all controlled the State, would have adopted a policy so ruinous to their own interests? Or is it possible to suppose that they were so stupid as not to see what would be the result of bringing the Sicilian tithe to Rome? Is it not far more reasonable to suppose that the process we have sketched had actually progressed so far by the middle of the third century, that Latium had already become a failure as a grainland, that the landlords had already turned to other industries, and that the Sicilian grain filled a need already keenly felt? It would seem then that the revolution in the agriculture of Latium had already progressed far before the first Punic War.

Professor Frank's interesting article seems to me, so far as I can judge, to be closely connected with a single question—whether he is right or wrong in the interpretation of the purpose of the dams and the tunnels to which he refers at such length. On this point I am entitled to no opinion; I have not seen the dams and the tunnels. But I may say one thing, namely, that I wish he had cited more than a single authority in support of his interpretation (*De La Blanchère, Un Chapitre d'Histoire Pontine, in Mélange d'Archéologie et d'Histoire*). I notice that he accepts as beyond question correct what his single authority regarded as merely a possible explanation, and that the article to which he refers was published as long ago as 1882. Surely a matter as important as this must have been discussed more than once in the intervening thirty-seven years. Surely,

again, it would be helpful to anyone interested in the matter, with a desire to reach the truth concerning so important a subject, to cite other discussions, both for and against the view accepted so unreservedly. I hope Professor Frank will take up the matter again, this time in some classical periodical, with fuller citation of authorities ancient and modern. The undocumented essay is no favorite of mine. C. K.

TASSO'S DEBT TO VERGIL¹

I am to speak to-day of only a single phase of a very wide subject. And I shall mention only one of Tasso's works, namely, his great epic *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

This is the poem which tells of the taking of Jerusalem by the armies of the First Crusade, and the freeing of the Holy Sepulchre from the control of the Turks. It was completed in 1574, when Tasso was 30 years of age. It was first published in 1581.

With this great national and religious subject, Tasso naturally took as his epic model the *Aeneid* of Vergil. To be sure, his poem contains many echoes of other Latin poets—of Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Statius, and Claudian. But his great model is Vergil; indeed, the influence of Vergil may be traced upon almost every page.

Nor is this debt to Vergil confined to the mere use of classical epithets or lines or phrases; whole incidents and situations are either freely borrowed or frankly adapted. In fact, we may be prepared for a very considerable amount of close imitation, when we reflect that the methods of warfare in the time of the First Crusade were not so very different from the very ancient methods which Vergil describes. Moreover, there are long episodes inserted, after the manner of Vergil, and all the superhuman machinery of the Vergilian epic is faithfully reproduced.

The subject of the Italian poem is announced in true epic fashion: 'I sing of the arms of religion and of the captain who freed the great sepulchre of Christ . . . much did he suffer in the glorious achievement, in vain did Hell oppose itself to him, in vain did the united people of Asia and of Libya arm themselves', etc.—just as Vergil begins: 'Arms and the man I sing', etc.

I shall give my quotations from both the Italian and the Latin in an English prose form. I know that this is a very unsatisfactory method of dealing with two of the world's great poets: but it has a certain convenience, and it may perhaps be excused, for once, in a paper which is much more concerned with the matter of the two poems than with their form. For Vergil, I have followed the standard prose version by John Conington. The translations from Tasso I have had to make for myself. Let me say in advance that I have made them honestly, and that I have tried not to translate any Italian passage into too close a verbal resemblance to Conington's

²For the situation Professor Frank has in mind see Horace, *Carmina* 1.31.1-4, and the editors there.

¹This paper was read at the Thirteenth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, at Haverford College, April 5, 1919.

Vergil. In passages, however, where Tasso has translated Vergil word for word, I have thought it not only legitimate but almost necessary to repeat some of Conington's phrases.

The action of Tasso's poem begins with the events of the year 1099, when the Crusaders are encamped at Tortosa, in Syria, not far from Jerusalem, that is to say, three years after their departure from their European homes. Tasso himself says *six* years; but this, he elsewhere admits, is to magnify, for dramatic effect, the difficulties under which the Christian warriors had labored.

At this juncture, then, the Eternal Father sends the angel Gabriel to urge Godfrey to go on and complete his great task. Gabriel puts on his wings (1.14), and flies swiftly down, first to the summit of Mt. Lebanon, where he poises on his wings and rests, thence to Tortosa, to the Christian camp. So in the fourth book of the *Aeneid* (219-257) Jupiter sends Mercury down to Carthage, to bid Aeneas press on to Italy and fulfil his great mission. Mercury puts on his winged sandals and flies swiftly down, first to the summit of Mt. Atlas, where he poises on his wings and rests, and thence shoots on to Carthage.

On receiving this message, Godfrey calls together the captains and soldiers, and is himself appointed their leader. Then the army advances toward Jerusalem, and Aladino, the king of Jerusalem, prepares his defense. This king of Jerusalem, by the way, is a purely fictitious personage; for the *Egyptians* had taken Jerusalem from the Turks the year before, and had posted a governor there. But when you write an epic with a hero like Godfrey of Bouillon, you want some worthy opponent for him.

In the Second Canto, the Crusaders arrive at Emaus, seven miles from Jerusalem. Here two messengers come from the great King of Egypt, and forbid Godfrey to attack the city. After some discussion, one of them makes a fold in his robe and says, 'Here I bring you peace and war; choose which you will'—just as the Roman envoy once offered peace or war to the Carthaginians. Without waiting for Godfrey's reply the Crusaders all shouted for war.

Next morning the Christians advance on the city. To meet the attack, the Turks sally forth under the lead of Clorinda, and the first skirmish takes place. Clorinda, another fictitious personage, is one of the warlike maidens who figure in romantic poetry—such as Ariosto's Bradamante or Marfisa, or Spenser's Britomartis. Tasso's picture of her is largely copied from Vergil's picture of the Volscian princess Camilla. Like Camilla (*Aen.* 7.805) from her tender infancy she scorned the work of the loom, the needle, or the spindle, and in the broad fields practised the arts of hunting and of war (*G. L.* 2.39). In this siege she does mighty deeds of battle, until she is slain, in combat with Tancred.

In this first skirmish Dudon of Contz, one of the Christian captains, is slain—much as Orodes is slain in the tenth book of the *Aeneid* (745): 'and the heavy

rest of iron slumber settles down on his eyes'—*dura quies oculos et ferreus urguet Somnus*—or, as Tasso puts it, *dura quiete preme e ferreo sonno*. And, to continue Tasso's description (3.46):

'Thrice he opened his eyes and sought to enjoy the sweet rays of heaven, and to rear himself upon his arm; thrice he fell back and a dark veil dimmed his sight and his weary eyes were closed'.

So Vergil tells of the death of Dido (*Aen.* 4.688):

'Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes and sinks down again. . . . Thrice with an effort she lifted and reared herself up on her elbow; thrice she fell back on the couch and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky sought for the light and groaned when she found it'.

After the burial of Dudon, Rinaldo is proposed as his successor. But being insulted by the jealous Gernando, he slays him, and retires for a season to Antioch. Both Rinaldo and Gernando are fictitious personages. Rinaldo is a sort of Achilles among the Christian warriors. Like Achilles, he is perhaps the chief hero of Tasso's action, and his anger, like the wrath of Achilles, withdraws him for a time from the siege.

Meanwhile, a council of Demons has been held, presided over by Pluto, and attended by such strange figures as we find in Vergil's Hades: Centaurs, Gorgons, Scyllas, Hydras, Chimeras, etc.—figures that reappear, a little later, in Milton's Hell, "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire". At Pluto's suggestion, the beautiful damsel Armida, niece of the ruler of Damascus, is sent to the Crusader's camp, to tempt away as many of the Christian warriors as possible. (Armida is another of Tasso's inventions. In his later version of this story, which he called the Conquest of Jerusalem, all these fictitious personages are omitted, or modified).

Armida sets out on her mission, and, when she leaves the Christian camp, is followed by a goodly company of young men, who have been seduced from their holy zeal by her woman's wiles. Following hard upon this loss, there comes a message to the Crusaders, that a great fleet is on its way from Egypt to assist the Turks, and that a provision-train coming from the coast with supplies for the Christian army has been seized by the Arabs. In the face of these evils, Godfrey encourages his men (5.90):

' "O ye who have passed with me through a thousand perils and a thousand trials in this region and in that, champions of God . . . ye who overcame the arms of Persia and the wiles of the Greeks, the mountains, the seas, the winter and the storms, the agonies of hunger and of thirst, do ye now fear? . . . Soon shall come a day when it will give you pleasure to recall, the trials that are past. . . . Now hold out and be of a brave heart, and reserve yourselves, I pray, for a prosperous issue". With these words he consoles their fainting minds, and with bright and cheerful face; but buries a thousand sickening cares deep hidden in his breast'.

So Aeneas had encouraged his companions (*Aen.* 1.197 ff.):

' "Comrades! for comrades we are, no strangers to hardships already; hearts that have felt deeper wounds!

for these too heaven will find a balm. Why, men, you have even looked on Scylla in her madness . . . you have even made trial of the crags of the Cyclops. Come, call your spirits back, and banish these doleful fears—who knows but some day this too will be remembered with pleasure? . . . Bear up, and reserve yourselves for brighter days". Such were the words his tongue uttered; heart-sick with overwhelming care, he wears the semblance of hope in his face, but has grief deep buried in his heart' <*premit altum corde dolorem*>.

Meanwhile the Turks, in much better spirits, are strengthening their defences. The haughty Argante challenges the Christian warriors to single combat, and fights a great duel with Tancred. The duel is interrupted by darkness, and the wounded combatants separate, agreeing to resume the battle on the sixth day. But before the sixth day arrives, Tancred is entrapped by the beautiful sorceress Armida, and confined in her castle, on an island in the Dead Sea.

On the appointed day Argante prepares to renew the combat. Like many other epic heroes, he glistens in his armor (7.52),

'as with its awful blood-hued locks a comet gleams through the parched air, a comet which changes kingdoms and brings fierce diseases upon men, to purple tyrants² a light of ill omen'.

So Vergil had described Aeneas, Aen. 10.272:

'There is a blaze on that helmet's summit, and from the crest on high streams the flame . . . even as when on a clear night blood-hued comets glare with gloomy red, or as the Sirian blaze, that harbinger of drought and sickness to weak mortality, breaks into birth and saddens heaven with its ill-boding rays'.

The simile is as old as Homer; and it has been a favorite with the epic poets of all ages³. Perhaps one of the prettiest cases of its use is found in a rather unlikely place—I mean in Tennyson's Lady of Shalott:

The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

Argante, now eager to renew the combat, brandishes his naked sword, and cries (7.54):

'Full soon shall the Christian robber, who is so bold as to wish to match himself with me, fall beaten and bloody to the plain, soiling in the dust his scattered locks. . . . Even so the bull, stirred by the sharp goad of jealousy, raises fearful bellowing, and with his bellowing rouses in him his spirits and his furious wrath, and whets his horn upon the tree-trunks, and seems with idle blows to summon the winds to combat; he spurns the flying sand, and challenges his rival from afar to fierce and deadly battle'.

So in Aeneid 12.93 ff. Turnus brandishes his spear, and cries:

¹Horace, Carm. 1.35.12 *purpurei . . . tyranni*.

²For the same, or a similar figure, compare Silius Italicus 1.460-464; Claudian, Rapt. Pros. 1.230-234; Spenser, F. Q. 3.1.16; Milton, P. L. 2.708; Homer, Il. 22.26; Apollonius Rhodius 3.955; Valerius Flaccus 5.368; M. Arnold, Sohrab and Rustum, 480.

' "Now, my good spear, that hast never failed my call, . . . grant that I may lay low the emaculate Phrygian, strip and rend his hauberk by strength of hand, and soil in the dust those ringlets curled with hot iron and moist with myrrh". So he rages, fury-driven . . . as when a bull in view of a fight raises fearful bellowing, and calls up rage into his horns by butting against a tree's trunk, challenges the wind with his blows, and spurns the flying sand in prelude for the fray'.

In the absence of Tancred, who has been spirited away by the sorceress, Count Raymond fights with Argante. Argante is disarmed, and Raymond is treacherously wounded by a Turkish archer. This brings on a general engagement, in which the Demons stir up a fearful tempest and give the advantage to the Turks. The Christians are driven into their camp, and the Turks retire into the city.

At this point in the story the Italians among the Crusaders are led to believe that their great hero Rinaldo has been treacherously slain at Godfrey's command. They threaten dire vengeance upon their French comrades; but Godfrey's firmness quells their tumult, and their leader Argillano is imprisoned.

Meanwhile, the Fury Alecto comes to Soliman, the King of the Turks (9.3). She comes in the form of an aged man, just as she comes to Turnus in the form of an aged woman (Aen. 7.415). She prompts him to stir up the Arabs, and make a night-attack upon the Christian camp.

In this engagement, the five sons of Latino all assail Soliman—just as the seven sons of Phorcus all assail Aeneas (Aen. 10.328). Two of these sons of Latino—Pico and Laurente—were twins, so like one another as often to be 'the cause of sweet perplexity' (9.34):

'But if nature made them alike, the enemy's wrath now marks them with a cruel difference; for the one's head he severs from the body, the other's breast he pierces'.

So in Vergil (Aen. 10.390), of the twin brothers Larides and Thymber:

' . . . Daucus' resemblant offspring, undistinguished by their kin, a sweet perplexity to those who bore them <*gratusque parentibus error*>; but now Pallas has marked them with a cruel difference; for you, poor Thymber, have your head shorn off by the Evandrian sword; your hand, Larides, severed from the arm, is looking in vain for you its master; the fingers, half alive, are quivering yet and closing again on the steel'.

The two armies meet in the shock of battle (9.52):

'as the south wind and the north come to war, alike in spirit and in strength; sky and sea, neither yields to the other <*non ei fra lor, non cede il cielo o il mare*>, but cloud is opposed to cloud and wave to wave; so the fierce obstinate struggle yields not on this side or gives way on that; there dash together with awful thrust shield upon shield, helm upon helm, brand upon brand'.

So we read in Aen. 10.356:

'As in the spacious heaven jarring winds meet in battle, alike in spirit and in strength, winds, storm-clouds and ocean, neither yields to the other <*non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit*>; . . . even such the meet-

ing of the army of Troy and the army of Latium: foot is set close to foot, and man massed with man'.

The air is again filled with Demons, who come to encourage the Turks (9.66)—in number like the great throng of ghosts which Aeneas sees (6.309):

'many as are the leaves that drop and fall in autumn's early cold, many as are the birds that cross the sea in flocks to tenant a sunnier clime'.

Finally, God sends the archangel Michael to command the Demons to desist.

Just at this point Argillano, now released from confinement, returns to the battle (9.75):

'as a horse, escaped from his stall and free at last, dashes along the broad path . . . and his mane plays loosely about his neck . . . so he came . . .'

This is a very ancient simile. It is used in the Iliad (6, at the end), of Paris returning to the fight:

'And as when a stall-fed horse . . . breaketh his tether and dasheth through the plain . . . and his mane flieth back on either shoulder . . . so ran the son of Priam, Paris, all in arms, laughing for light-heartedness, and his swift feet bare him'.

Ennius has the same simile, in a fragment which has been preserved (Ann. 514-517, Vahlen), and Vergil applies it to Turnus in Aeneid 11.492 ff.

And now, even more than by the return of Argillano, the Christians are cheered by the sight of Tancred and of the young men who had been enticed away by Armida. This company had been rescued by Rinaldo (10.71), who had fallen in with them as they were making their way, in fetters, to the King of Egypt. They now return to the Christian camp, just in time to assault and rout the enemy.

Meanwhile, Soliman, the King of the Turks, is conducted by a wizard into the city, to the council of Aladino. He comes hidden in a cloud, as Aeneas first came to Carthage (Aen. 1.411 ff.). For a time he stands by unseen, and listens to a debate between Argante and Orcano, which recalls the debate between Turnus and Drances (Aen. 11.336). That is, Argante urges to make a bold defence to the end, while Orcano magnifies the power of the Christians, is not sanguine over the chances of help from Egypt, and even suggests surrender. Finally, Soliman stands forth from the cloud, and encourages the beleaguered city to hold out till the arrival of the Egyptian army.

In the Fleventh Canto, the Christian army goes up Mt. Olivet, and prays. And within the city the Turkish matrons go into the temple, and pray to their false god (11.30), 'Lord, with thy righteous hand, break thou the spear of the Frankish robber'—just as in Aeneid (11.481) the Latin matrons enter the temple of Pallas, and pray, 'Lady of arms, mistress of the war . . . stretch forth thy hand, and break the spear of the Phrygian freebooter', etc.

After the prayer on Mt. Olivet, the Christians make fierce assault on the walls; but Godfrey is wounded, by an arrow from Clorinda's bow, and forced to retire.

⁴Tennyson's translation.

Then we have in a long passage the miraculous healing of Godfrey's wound (11.68 ff.):

'While the fortune of the battle thus turns, the wounded Captain has retired to his great tent, with the good Sigiero and Baldwin at his side, and surrounded by a great company of sorrowing friends. There he struggles in haste to pull out the shaft from his wound, but breaks the reed; he orders that the nearest and readiest way be taken for his cure, that the weapon's lodgment be opened to the bottom, and cut wide and deep. "Send me back to the war", he cries, "before the day and the war are ended". And leaning on the long shaft of a massy spear he offers his leg to the steel. And now the aged Erotimo, who was born on the banks of the Po, is toiling for his safety, he who knew every use, every virtue, of herbs and of famous waters; dear to the Muses, too, though he was content with the lesser glory of the silent craft—his only care to rescue frail bodies from death, though he could make men's names too immortal. There stands the Captain, propped on the spear, fretting impatiently, but with fearless countenance, and unmoved by their weeping. Erotimo, his robe girt up and his arms bared, lightly and gently strives, in vain, to draw out the dart, now with sovereign remedies, now with his skilful hand; now with his right hand he tries it, now with the gripping pincer—all to no end. Fortune seconds not his skill, and seems in no way to smile upon his design; the wounded hero's cruel torture reaches the point that it is almost homicide. Then his guardian angel, moved by his undeserved suffering, gathers dittany on Mt. Ida, a plant with a purple flower which has great value in its downy leaves; Nature teaches its secret virtue to the mountain goats, when they are wounded, and the winged arrow is lodged in their side. This, though from far distant regions, in an instant the angel has brought; and all unseen he pours its juice among the healing waters of the bath which has been prepared; he mixes in the sacred waters of the Lydian spring and fragrant panacea. With this the old man rinses the wound, and out of its own accord comes the arrow, and the blood is stanching. And now the pains are fled from the limb, and its strength is increased. Then Erotimo cries: "It is no power of leech-craft that restores you, or my mortal hand; it is a mightier power that saves you; an angel, I believe, made physician for you, has come down to earth, for I see the tokens of a heavenly hand; take your weapons (why so tardy?) and return to the war". Greedy for battle, the pious Godfrey now swathes his legs in the purple bands; he brandishes his mighty spear; he takes his shield upon his arm, and laces on his helmet'.

All this is freely borrowed from the miraculous healing of Aeneas, Aen. 12.383 ff.:

'While Turnus thus is dealing havoc over the field, Mnesteus, true Achates, and Ascanius have helped Aeneas to the camp, all bleeding, and staying his halting steps by the help of a spear. There he frets and struggles to pull out the broken shaft, and calls for help the readiest way, bidding them enlarge the wound with a broad sword, cut the weapon's lodgment to the bottom, and send him to combat again. And now at his side was Iapis, son of Iasus, dearest of mankind to Phoebus, he to whom the god in his passionate fondness would fain have given his own function, his own hand's cunning, the augur's insight, the lyre, the weapon of archery; but he, wishing to lengthen out the span of his bed-ridden, chose rather to know the virtue of simples and the laws of the healing art, and to practise in silence an unambitious craft. There stood Aeneas fretting impatiently, propped on his massy spear, with a warrior concourse about him, and Ilulus all in tears, yet himself

unmoved by their sorrow. The aged leech, his garments swathed round him in Paeon's fashion, is plying busily the healing hand and Phoebus' sovereign remedies all to no end, all to no end pulling at the dart and gripping the steel with the pincer. No Fortune guides the course of skill, no patron Phoebus lends his aid; . . . when, lo! Venus, struck to the heart by her son's undeserved suffering, with a mother's care plucks dittany from Cretan Ida, a plant with downy leaves and a purple flower; wild goats know that simple well, if the flying arrow should lodge in their flesh. Veiled by a dim cloud, the goddess brings it down; with it she impregnates the spring water gleaming in the caldron, imparting unseen powers, and sprinkles ambrosia's healthful juice and fragrant panacea. The old man rinsed the wound with the water so transformed, all unwitting, and in a moment all pain was fled from the frame, and the blood was stanching in the wound. The arrow obeys the hand, and falls out unforced, and strength is restored as before. "Quick! give the warrior his arms! why so tardy?", cries Iapis, himself the first to stir up the martial spirit. "No human aid has done this, no power of leech-craft; it is not my hand, Aeneas, that restores you; a mightier power than man's is at work, sending you back to mightier deeds". The chief, greedy for the fight, has cased his legs in gold, chafing at delay and brandishing his spear', etc.

In these two versions of this long story, you will notice that Tasso has taken from Vergil not merely the general situation, but also many of the details. As I said at the outset, my repetition of some of Conington's more striking phrases is meant to indicate an absolutely literal borrowing on Tasso's part. For example, what Conington calls the weapon's "lodgment" (*lalebra*) is represented in Tasso by exactly the same word. 'With sovereign remedies', in Vergil, is *potentibus herbis*; in Tasso, *con l'erbe potenti*. 'No power of leech-craft' in the Latin is *non arte magistra*; in the Italian, *L'arte maestra te non risana*, etc.

In the Twelfth Canto, Clorinda and Argante set out from the city by night to burn the great siege-tower. Clorinda begins:

'Long time has my restless mind been revolving in itself something strange and bold; either God inspires it, or man makes his own wish his god. Outside the enemy's lines behold the lights; thither shall I go with fire and sword, and burn the tower'.

Argante replies, his breast thrilled with the goad of ambition:

'And wilt thou go, and leave me here disregarded among the vulgar throng? and from a safe place am I to rejoice to see the smoke and the flames? Nay, if I have been thy comrade in arms, I wish to be thy comrade in glory and in death. I too have a heart that thinks scorn of death, and deems that glory were cheaply bought with life'.

Then they go together to the King, and announce their plan. The King praises their courage and embraces each in turn. This dialogue—and this situation of two purely fictitious personages—is taken bodily from the famous episode of the ninth book of the Aeneid, from the story of Nisus and Euryalus, and their night-attack on the Rutulian camp.

Clorinda and Argante succeed in burning the siege-tower; but they are pursued in their return to the city,

and Clorinda is slain, by the hand of Tancred. Then we have Tancred's lamenting over her death (12.90):

'Her at the setting, her at the rising of the sun, he calls with feeble voice, and prays and weeps; as the nightingale from whose nest the hard-hearted swain steals her young ones still unfledged; she in her piteous song laments through the sad and lonely nights, and fills with it the woods and the breeze'.

So, in the Fourth Georgic (511), Orpheus had lamented his lost Eurydice:

'Of thee he sang at dawn of day, of thee at set of sun . . . as the nightingale wailing in the poplar shade plains for her lost young, that the rustic churl, with his prying eye, has taken unfledged from the nest; while she weeps the night through, and sitting on a bough repeats her piteous melody, and fills the country round with the plaints of her sorrow'.

And within the city the Turks also bewail Clorinda's death (12.100):

'and in every corner of the astounded city the rumor strays, mingled with cries and with the wailing of women; even as if it were taken in war and wholly falling, and fire and the deadly foe were sweeping through the houses and the temples'.

So in Carthage, at the death of Dido (Aen. 4.666 ff.).

In Canto 13, the Crusaders attempt to get wood from the forest of Sharon, to build a new siege-tower; but the forest is enchanted and peopled with devils. At the same time the Christians suffer from the extreme heat and drouth; but at Godfrey's prayer a great rain is sent down from heaven, to refresh their bodies and cheer the thirsty ground.

In the next Canto, Godfrey is advised, in a dream, to recall Rinaldo. Rinaldo, after rescuing Tancred and the other prisoners of Armida, had himself been captured by the sorceress, on the river Orontes. At the sight of his youthful beauty, her deadly hate had quickly turned to passionate love. She had transported her captive to the Fortunate Islands, where he was now detained in dalliance in a certain garden of delight—a garden which is much like Petrarch's House of Love or Ariosto's Palace of Alcina, and is itself the model of Spenser's Bower of Bliss (F. Q. 2.5.29).

In Canto 15 messengers are sent to bring Rinaldo back. They find the harbor of the Fortunate Islands (15.42) much like the harbor of Carthage, in Aeneid 1.159 ff. The sculptured doors of Armida's palace remind one of the sculptured doors of the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl (Aen. 6, at the beginning). Only, the various scenes portrayed on Armida's doors very appropriately represent the mighty warriors of old who were subdued by love. In one panel, Hercules is seen sitting among the Maeonian maidens, his mighty hands busied with the distaff and the spindle. Love looks on and smiles, while Iole with her delicate hand is playing with the hero's murderous club, and wearing on her tender body the rough lion's-skin. This passage, by the way, is perhaps the best commentary on a stanza in Spenser's Faerie Queene, i. e. the picture of Artegall sitting with a distaff in the house of Radigund (5.5.24):

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iola's sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club. . . .

The editors of Spenser all point out that, according to the ancient story, it was Omphale, not Iole, for whom Hercules sat spinning. But, if Spenser gives the lady's name as Iola, it is probably because he found that name in the *Jerusalem Delivered*; and this bit of Renaissance mythology may perhaps be added to the long list of his borrowings from Tasso. I say "Renaissance mythology" and "perhaps", because it occurs at least three times in *Boccaccio*.

Another of the subjects portrayed on Armida's doors is the battle of Actium, and the devotion of Antony to Cleopatra (16.4):

'the sea with its blue waves foaming with whitening billows . . . the whole of Leucate aglow with the War-god's array, and the waves one blaze of gold; here Augustus is leading on the Romans, there Antonius, the Orient, the Egyptians, the Arabs, and the Indi. You would say that uprooted Cyclades were swimming the sea, and that tall hills were meeting hills in battle; with such a furious rush do their towering ships clash together. Now darts are hurled, and burning brands; now the seas are reddened with unwonted carnage. Here the barbarian queen is in flight, and Antonius is following her, for love, not for fear'.

This picture of the battle of Actium is copied from the shield of Aeneas (*Aen.* 8.671 ff.).

Rinaldo is roused from his amorous lethargy, and prepares to return to the war. Armida is dismayed at the thought of her lover's departure. She begs that she may go with him, if not as his mistress, at least as his slave. Her entreaty is refused; and, remembering her Vergil, she curses him after the manner of Dido (16.57):

' "Not Sophia was thy mother, not Azzo the head of thy line! nay, thy parent was the mad wave of the sea, and Caucasus covered with ice, and Hyrcanian tigresses put their breasts to thy lips. For why should I suppress aught? the pitiless man gave never a sign of a human heart. Perhaps he changed color? perhaps his eyes at least were moistened at my grief? or he uttered a single sigh? . . . Go, cruel one, with that peace which thou leavest to me. Soon my spirit, freed from the body, shall haunt thee everywhere. Like a new Fury, I shall pursue thee with serpents and torch, as fiercely as once I loved thee. And if it be thy destiny to escape from the sea, to avoid the rocks and the waves, and to some unto the battle, there lying wounded amid bloodshed and death thou shalt pay the penalty, and in thy last sighs thou shalt often call upon the name of Armida; that I hope to hear" '.

In Canto Eighteen, the great Egyptian army sets forth from Gaza, on the borders of Judea, and in Canto Nineteen they arrive before Jerusalem. Meanwhile Rinaldo has done penance on Mt. Olivet, and overcome the enchantment of the forest. Then timber is secured, and three great siege-towers are quickly builded.

Through a carrier-pigeon—which is pursued by a hawk, and takes refuge in Godfrey's bosom—the Crusaders learn that the Egyptian King expects to assist the beleaguered city within three or four days. Accordingly they make another fierce attack at once. After

many mighty deeds on the part of Rinaldo, the city is taken, and the Christian army enters victorious.

In the Twentieth and last Canto, the Egyptian army arrives, only to find the Christians in possession of the city. They make a general assault on the walls; but are beaten back and utterly routed. Raymond slays Aladino, the King of Jerusalem; Rinaldo slays Soliman, the King of the Turks; Godfrey slays Emireno, the leader of the Egyptians. Then the triumphant Crusaders pay their vows, and adore the Holy Sepulchre.

In the great duel of this final Canto, between Soliman and Rinaldo, there is one feature which must come to the average reader with something of surprise. That is, the mighty Soliman, who for weeks has been a terror to the Christian host, now falls an easy victim. He falters in the attack, and stands with failing powers as in a dream (20.105):

'as at times, in his broken sleep, the sick man or the madman sees troubled dreams and it seems to him that he eagerly stretches his limbs to run, and is troubled in vain; for in his greatest efforts his wearied foot and hand answer not his needs; he wishes at times to free his tongue and speak, but no voice or words follow; so the Soldan, too, would fain hurry to the assault, and strains with effort; but he knows not in himself his wonted fury, nor recognizes himself in his diminished force'.

The explanation of this strange turn is to be found in the great final duel of the *Aeneid*, where, in a famous passage, we have the picture of Turnus running upon Aeneas; but the Fury baulks him of his strength and aim, like failing powers in a dream (12.908 ff.).

I might have added a great many other parallels of this same kind, but I have said enough to emphasize the one point which I set out to make. I only hope that, by harping continually on this one string, I have not given anyone, even for the moment, a wrong impression of one of the world's great poets. There is a great deal in Tasso besides what comes so directly from Vergil. And if I have shown what kind of borrowing was possible in the sixteenth century, it is well to remember that that kind of borrowing was not confined to the sixteenth century. The use which Tasso made of Vergil in telling the story of the First Crusade was precisely the use which Vergil himself had made of Homer in telling the story of Aeneas; or, to take a more modern though less familiar instance, it is precisely the use which Matthew Arnold made of Homer in telling the story of Balder Dead⁵. This is not the time or the place to dwell upon the greatness of Tasso's genius. Let me only remind you that, with Dante and Petrarch and Ariosto, he ranks as one of the four great poets of Italy; that his great epic was the principal model of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and through Spenser, 'the poets' poet', exerted a very considerable influence upon later English verse; that he is one of the very greatest of the myriad disciples of Vergil. And that is why it has seemed worth while to one who is very jealous for Vergil to set forth something of Tasso's debt to his great master.

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⁵See W. P. Mustard, *Homeric Echoes in Matthew Arnold's 'Balder Dead'*, in *Studies in Honor of Basil L. Gildersleeve*, 19-28 (Baltimore, 1902).